

Once a Spartan, always a Spartan

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Summary: This is a sequel to my story sucked into the year of 2552 It lets the large war between humans, elites and flood continue. If you read please review. Finished.

1. Prologue

Prologue

Chris ran downstairs, he almost got bored being back in the "normal" world he felt more relaxed in a fight. Everything follow rules then, everything worked the way they were supposed to. He started up the Halo 2 game again. Again he play the first level. Too easy he put it up to hard. Still to easy, put it even harder. It showed a little challenge. He put it on the next level. He wondered if he could go back in. He watched the load screen, no luck it loaded fine.

"But I already played that one. I need to be... Here!" He picked the last level on which it was possible to be a spartan. He picked up the helmet and put it on his head. The load screen came up. Chris started counting.

"One two three four five." The screen was loading. Suddenly, the level started but Chris wasn't in the game, he was still at home. He wanted to go back badly. He figured he'd give up. Chris scrolled down to the last level where you had to be the Elite to defeat the brute. But suddenly he saw something he'd never ever seen in all his time of playing the game. There was another level. One that was new, brand new.

It was two words. Two simple words. Chris didn't hit it for fear of it not being real. Chris started laughing for happiness, he scrolled down and punched the last level.

It said, "Spartan 106." This time no loading screen came up. Chris was automatically flung into the world. He didn't care where he appeared.

For a moment all Chris could see was a impossibly bright light, but then his visor came into focus and a smile came to his lips. Chris looked down at his body, seeing the Spartan armor he smiled. He got up and looked around, he saw what look like a human made, earth city. Several men were standing around firing at groups of energy shields behind which was Elites and grunts. Chris ran up to a figure he knew well.

"Spartan 117! Spartan 106 reporting for duty sir!" John turned at his words, the assault rifle in his hands was suddenly pointed at Chris's head.

"Chris died, I saw him die. Who the hell are you?" Chris, in answer removed his helmet.

"I wasn't going to let you have all the fun."

"How did you get back here, you died."

"No, I went back to my own time then simply found a way back to this time." Chris explained.

"Your own time? This was new. What does that mean?"

"I was from the year of 2006." Chris said.

"Really? So, how did you get here?" John asked.

"I think it was from a television."

"I didn't know they could do such things." John said.

"Normally they don't. But don't worry about it. Orders sir?" Chris asked.

"Pick up that," John said pointing at an assault rifle. "And kick ass."

"Sir yes sir!" Chris said and readied the rifle and fired with perfect aim past the shield bringing down an Elite and two grunts. Chris was back where he belonged.

2. The other Spartans

Chapter 1

"So what happened from when I left." Chris asked as soon as the battle had finished.

"Short version or long? Basically We are using the assault rifles again, the other weapons are becoming more powerful, and the flood, the brutes and Elite bastards outnumber us about a hundred to one." John said.

"Ok, that didn't sound right, what's the long version?" Chris asked.

"That was the long version the short version was we got the sweet

weapons and the enemy is still gonna kill us!" A marine said.

"Nevermind I'll use the long version." Chris reloaded his assault rifle, how he loved it so much more than the battle rifle, and picked up a shotgun.

Cocking the weapon Chris said, "Let's roll! Get me a warthog!" Chris didn't ask before hopping the drivers seat. A marine hopped in the passenger side and 117 hopped in the turret seat. Chris drove to the point that his new AI, Nitro, had put in his helmet HUD. Nitro was a fine AI, a "smart" AI as the fall of Reach book at home put it. He wasn't as smart or daring as Cortana but it wasn't bad.

"What happened to Cortana?" Chris asked to Chief now.

"Still trapped in the covenant network. We've had no word from her." John said. Chris looked at him for any reaction, but he got none. Spartans were apparently trained to hide emotions. Yet weren't they still part human? Or had they been so altered they were all machines of battle? He shook it out of his head and hopped out as soon as they reached the marker, the chief started nailing down jackals and grunts, and Elite caught Chris's eye and he saw that it was wielding an energy sword with two holding brute shots beside it, a commanding elite, this was new for Chris he hadn't faced these before. John didn't have eyes for it, and it cost him.

Chris heard, "Kill the demon!" A plasma grenade hurled through the air and landed right on John's helmet.

"What the--" His sentence was cut short as Chris yanked the helmet off his head and hurled it down the street. The grenade exploded in blue plasma. Chris then grabbed John and yanked him down from the turret to push him behind the warthog for cover.

"Starting to slip up?" John didn't answer in words but started firing off his sniper rifle he'd brought. Chris's Shotgun joined in bringing down one of the Elites with the brute shot collapsing onto its fellow. Suddenly three large cargo drops appeared behind him. He turned to face what might be a threat. Three figures came out of the cargo. Chris saw one of the figures and smiled. It was the other Spartans, Fred who had lead red team and kept a few other Spartans alive when the disaster of Reach happened. Kelly who was the fastest of any of the Spartans. And Linda who was the best shot with a sniper rifle known. John made a smile gesture, and Chris frowned. He'd read about but he hadn't thought it looked like that. He didn't really care though now five Spartans were together, they didn't stand a chance.

"Lose something?" Kelly asked holding up John's helmet, which was somehow, undamaged from the plasma grenade. John grabbed it and placed it back on his head.

"Ok we are back in business. I'll take up as blue leader. Fred your Blue-three. Linda take up as Blue-Five, Kelly Blue-four. Chris your Blue-two." John said and everyone nodded. Chris looked at all their weapons, Linda used a sniper rifle as her primary with a pistol for her second. Kelly had a primary Assault rifle, and a M7 SMG for the second. Fred had the Classic Assault rifle with the pistol for the secondary weapon. John had the dual pistols for primary fire and an

assault rifle for his secondary.

"Warning detected several hunters from the north." Nitro said.

"Show me." Said Chris, a new distance meter appeared. 27.3 Km. That wasn't good, they didn't have much time. John apparently had the marker in his HUD too.

"Blue-two, Blue-Three. Stop those hunters!" The call came and Chris responded automatically. His shotgun cracked at the sight of one of the fuel-rod wielding foes. Orange blood landed on the ground but the hunter wasn't quite dead, It raised the large gun and doing so caused it to throw the shield on it's arm back leaving the belly of the beast unprotected. The shotgun cracked and the foe fell back on the ground quite obviously dead. Fred meanwhile was using his pistol to repeatedly shoot another hunter in the head it yelled seeing it's companion fall. Fred's plasma grenade landed in the hunter's gut and exploded. Four more hunters came running down the street, and a brute. Chris picked up the fuel rod that had been dropped and shot at the Brute. Luckily it was a narrow street, one shot ended the ape's life, another got two hunters to stay down.

"Double kill!" Chris called out. Fred looked at him.

"You act oddly for a spartan."

"I am a odd spartan." Chris responded.

"What's your number?" Fred asked.

"106, but now if you don't mind. We have guests." Chris flipped over the hunter on the left to stick a plasma grenade to the back of it's head. The explosion rattled the beast. A shotgun hit to it's side ended it's life. Fred stood by his hunter bashing it's dead body.

"Come on let's get John out of trouble again." Fred and Chris ran back towards the battle Chris swapped his shotgun for the assault rifle and let the bullets fly free from the gun's

barrel. The bullets cause Elites to topple and grunts to die. John was giving orders again.

"Blues Five and three, get up on that rooftop, drones approaching don't let them get in here, then pick a fell of these guys."

"Yes sir!" Fred and Linda used grappling hooks to climb up the nearest building.

"Blue-three, Blue-two. Take out that commanding Elite. He hasn't done much but I don't want him being a problem later." Chris nodded and pulled out his shotgun again. Kelly looked at him.

"I may not look like it, but I'm the fastest of all the spartans here, so I think I should distract them it'd be easy for you to assassinate the two idiots."

Chris shook his head. "It would work but what then we are in the middle of a killing festival."

"Well what do you suggest?" In answer, Chris held up a bomb he'd found on the passenger warthog floor. I wasn't a nuke but it was strong enough.

Now Kelly shook her head. "That's way too loud how do you think we are going to plant that without being noticed?"

"We aren't. You can run you say? So fire a few rounds at them turn run backwards fast so some small resistance, nothing big enough to be a real threat just enough to catch attention. I plant the bomb, we call for evacuation. Bye bye Elites."

"And if John doesn't like the idea?" She asked.

"Well then we're screwed aren't we?" Chris responded.

"Sound just like anything else we do. Ok, you win." She jumped up and fired three shot right into the Elites shields, The Elite growled and threw a finger forward clearly giving orders. Chris set the bomb and back peddled to John firing the shotgun twice.

"Sir we need to get out of her now!" John didn't ask but looked at the bomb Chris had planted.

"Blue team follow evacuation procedure bravo." Chris didn't know what John was talking about but followed the other four to two warthogs one being the one Chris had driven to this location. He hopped in the side seat, John took gunner and Fred took the wheel. In the other warthog, Kelly was in the side seat and Linda had the drivers seat. Chris turned around in time to see the explosion and laughed along with Fred.

"That'll teach them to mess with earth!" Chris cried out happily.

"I wish. Maybe if they hadn't been here for almost a year now." Said John. As soon as the Spartans reach a HQ base. Chris removed his helmet to wipe his sweating face, he heard the breathing of Fred and Linda change.

"Calm down, I may be a teenager, but I am a spartan. Ask 117 if you want." Kelly didn't really seem surprised.

"You seem a lot like a teenager anyway. Just the things you do are the sort of things we don't think to try because they are absolutely stupid. Maybe that's a good thing for you."

3. Choosing a path

Chapter 2

From what Chris managed to pick up the humans were in a melee war between the Elites, the Brutes, and the flood, none of the sides were making much progress, but everyone was suffering losses. Chris walked around the headquarters picking up ammo for his shotgun and assault rifle. Chris then asked John a question that made prefect sense to him.

"Why do we fight at all then? The Elites are now bent on killing the flood and the brutes, why not let them kill each other and come in to

take victory later?"

"Orders for command are that we have to sweep the city kill all the foes in the way." Said Fred.

"I'm talking to an admiral about that. That's just crap." Chris said.

"That's what I mean," Said Kelly to John. "He isn't afraid to do what we call 'insubordinate' because he wasn't one of the chosen so he wasn't given training. He is loose unpredictable and our best chance for winning this war when it come down to it."

"Is that an insult or a compliment?" Asked Chris, he was joking of course but he didn't wait for the answer. He flicked on his helmet's COM system.

"This is Spartan 106, request permission to speak with your Admiral." Chris didn't know what ship he was talking to, but he got his answer.

"Putting you on his connection now sir." Chris sighed. He had a feeling this wouldn't end well.

"Spartan 106?"

"Yes sir!"

"This is Admiral Lopez."

"Well sir, I had a question about your orders."

"Did you understand them?"

"Yes sir. I just didn't find them the best solution to our current problem."

"Didn't you now? Are you an Admiral of the Fleet?"

"No sir."

"Then I don't care what you think, your here to follow orders, not to question them." The connection ended.

"That son of a bitch." Said Chris. John and Fred agreed with him. Linda said that he must of had his reasons. Kelly simply agreed but said that it was no use trying to change the admiral's mind.

Chris turned to a marine. "Get me a small ship, a one-man fighter will do."

"Yes sir, smallest we have is a Pelican drop-ship."

"That'll do fine." Chris said.

"What are you doing?" John asked.

"Saving humanity's sorry ass." John shook his head and sighed. Chris hopped in the front seat and set Nitro in the main system.

"Take me to Admiral Lopez ship."

"Yes we'll reach the target in 3 mins." Replied the AI. Chris took to laying back and thinking about what he would do when he got there.

"Sir, T minus 5 seconds."

"What? Oh, ok." Chris got up and walked up and exited the drop-ship and saw the marines. He didn't bother answering questions.

"SPARTAN what in the hell are you doing? I told you to be on that planet! These marines are pressing me to let them go and I can't do that until you clear those street. They overestimate their abilities."

"No, they don't, you underestimate them." The marines cheered at his words. Chris smiled underneath the helmet.

"You respond to me while you are in my army!"

"I respond to me, and earth's and humanity's need, not to some piss-ant old man who doesn't know anything." The Admiral was shocked.

"Why you ungrateful stupid--" His sentence was cut short as Chris punched the man across the face.

"Marines! Where is the rest of the fleet, and is it active on any other planets?"

"Sir the fleet is staying near Soales. And It's not busy anywhere."

"Good, get our men off this planet and then towards Soales."

"Sir, yes sir!"

Two hours later any living marines and the other four spartans were on board the ship and heading towards this _Soales._ John was none to happy about what Chris had done, the Admiral was on the medical table.

"What on earth did you have to go and knock him out for?" John asked.

"What would you have done oh all-knowing-king?" Said Chris mocking him starting to get very angry.

"Shut up! It was about the stupidest thing you could've done!" Called Linda.

"Answer the question John. What would you have done?" Asked Kelly.

"I would've followed my orders." John answers.

"You would have ran into such a death blindly without a thought?" Chris asked.

"If I honored humanity? Yes, and as it happens to be, I do favor humans surviving." Said John.

"You brainless fool! You don't even bother to think for yourself." Chris shouted.

"That's just dumb, you don't think any of the Admiral's of the fleet haven't given thought on this fight for hours?" Asked Linda.

"You seem to thing all Admirals are saints or something, you think that no matter what they are always right. I'm with Chris, we can't risk fighting outright in another war." Said Kelly.

"Doesn't matter," Said Fred joining in the argument. "We are here to follow orders, not to do as we want."

"We are here to save humanity. I looked at the charts soales isn't far from Earth. Even with that the Elites, Brutes, and flood are to busy killing each other to pay attention to a race that has appeared to have given up." Said Chris.

"You don't know what the enemy thinks." Said John.

"Think for about a minuet. If you were in an Elite's position what would you do? Chase the Humans and suffer from the two greater threats or would you focus on killing the two threats and try to get the humans later?"

"And after they manage to kill the flood and the Brutes?" Asked Linda.

"_If _they win, they shall be weak. Therefore to easy to eliminate." Said Chris.

"And if they all die." Asked Fred.

"Then the brutes and flood fight until one side, likely the flood, wins."

"And when the flood beat the brutes?" Asked Linda.

"_If _the flood beat the brutes and the elites. Then I said we try to get them all on one planet, or contain them all on one for they are all on one right now I assume." Began Chris.

"Yes they are sir." Said a marine.

"So then we steal a convent ship because it will be unused and glass the planet." Chris finished.

"Fine, do as you want. But I'm following my orders." John said. He looked at Linda, Fred, and Kelly.

"I'm coming, I still like the chain of command." Linda said.

"I'm with you too." Said Fred.

"Kelly?" Asked John.

"No, I agree with Chris. We are still capable of thinking for

ourselves, and I think we shouldn't die in a useless battle." Said she. John didn't look at Chris. But signaled to Linda and Fred then headed to the drop pods.

"Shame to lose them like this." Said Chris.

"Marines! Head for Soales."

"Yes ma'am." The ship turned. Chris sat and removed his helmet, and took a long look at the planet, he thought he saw three small drop pods land on the planets surface.

"Don't worry," Said Kelly looking at him. "They'll be fine. John can command even if he's a little thick headed. Linda's a fine shot with a sniper rifle, and Fred's a great fighter. We will come pick them up later." Chris nodded.

"All the same, I don't like letting them go into a bad fight."

4. Spartans fight

Chapter 3

Soales was big, much bigger then it seemed at first sight. Yet it was also small enough to be overlooked from far away, and it didn't look like anyone would want to be there anyway. There was atmosphere, but the planet was more or less one gigantic rock. Kelly and Chris spent most of their first day on the planet going from command ship to command ship organizing marines and getting everyone settled in, they'd be here for a while. Chris had a good feeling that even though humans were now trying to stay out of the war, there'd be more then enough fighting on this overgrown rock.

Chris fell into an uneasy rest, his thoughts were on John, Fred and Linda. Were they still even alive? He didn't know what to think anymore. He gave up and let the wave of sleep overtake him falling into dreams. In what must have been less then an hour Kelly was shaking him awake.

"Elites." It was all she needed to say for Chris to understand. The marines had all been taught hand signals so that the group could operate with stealth. He gave a hand movement to ten marines to follow him. He signaled for one to get a number on the Elites. The marine held up seven fingers. Chris signaled for Kelly to assassinate two of the Elites. She did so with easy success. Now the other Elite were looking around wondering where the first two had gone.

"FIRE!" Chris shouted braking the silence of the night. The marines ran forward rifles cracking through the night. Chris bashed one of the Elite's head into the armored chest a little too hard, he bruised his right hand. In a few more seconds it was over, not one marine was dead, though three had to be treated for plasma burns. Chris saw then that several Marines came out of their ships. Chris told them all to get back into the ships.

"It's all under control. Go back now this will be easy." Said Chris to one annoying sergeant. He and Kelly spent about an hour looking for a ship but found nothing.

"I guess they were drop in scouts." Said Kelly.

"I guess your right, all the same we should still keep watch."

"Agreed. I'll take the first one." Chris walked over to his bags which held a battle rifle, a shotgun, extra ammo, and food. He sat leaning back against the wall of a ship and fell asleep, he didn't get much. In another half hour Kelly was shaking him awake.

"A ship one of ours, don't grab marines but bring a gun just in case." Chris nodded and picked up the battle rifle running to where Kelly pointed, she go there a little ahead of him and kneeled pointing her gun pointed at the door of the ship which had by now landed. The door opened and one figure stepped out.

"FREEZE! Who are you? What do you want?" Asked Chris.

"I want to re-join my crew. My name is John." Then two more people walked up from behind him.

"That planet is overrun with the enemy." Said Fred.

"I told you." Said Chris.

"Just shut up would you." Said John.

"You were right, this isn't humanity's fight, not yet anyway." Said Linda. The three took off the helmets, John's face was bloody and Linda had a large bruise on her right cheek. Fred had a plasma mark on his arm that looked pretty bad.

"Come on lets get you guys into medical." Said Kelly. John nodded at Linda and Fred but made no move towards Kelly himself.

"We would've won if you'd given us marines and if you'd helped us." Said John.

"John please just let it go!" Said Fred. "He didn't mean it." John didn't answer Fred, but turned and swung at Chris's head. Chris caught the blow on his gun but he underestimated how hard John had punched and the battle rifle went flying out of his hands. Chris dropped in a ready position.

"John come on!" Said Linda.

"Yeah, come John, anytime you want. I'll take you down." Said Chris. John leapt and tried to plant a kick on Chris's head. Chris moved and the blow went wide. Chris threw and punch and John's back, but John jumped so the Chris hit nothing but air. John landed and threw his elbow forward to hit Chris in the face. Chris allowed the blow to land so he could get a solid kick on 117's chest. John backed away holding his chest. Chris held the side of his head. Both stumbled but Chris regained his ground faster. He ran hard at John and made as though to kick so he could change it to a punch at the last second. John took the bait and Chris punch his green helmet off his head. Then he grabbed John's shoulders and bashed his own helmet into John's head, causing it to leak even more blood. John then tackled him and the pair ended up with John ripping off Chris's helmet and slamming his elbow into Chris's neck while Chris was trying to choke

John because both hands were around his neck.

"Stop it!" Linda and Fred pulled John off Chris and Kelly pulled him up and then held him back, he was still trying to get back at John. Meanwhile Fred and Linda were holding John still.

"I'LL GET YOU BACK FOR THAT!" Said John.

"WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY!" Responded Chris. He was really ticked off, why couldn't John get it through his thick head that Chris had only been trying to help him? Help humanity survive? Did he only care about the orders he got? Did any of them have the ability to think? Kelly did, she followed him. He didn't know about Fred or Linda but John, he didn't use his head. Or was this something else? Had he gone for another reason? Maybe he hadn't gone because of the orders at all. Chris lay down and closed his eyes. But no sleep came to him that night.

5. Uneasy ally

Chapter 4

When dawn came the planet didn't look much different from when it had been night. Chris went to find Fred and Linda. Maybe he could have a decent conversation with one of them. Chris passed John's resting place as he walked around the camps. He considered waking John but decided against it. Another argument would achieve nothing, except more injuries. He found Kelly in the makeshift training area that the marines had put up. He watched her for a small time, and he was surprised when he saw her using all her speed to attack the targets flashing up for a second or two before disappearing. He left without saying anything to her. He didn't know why but he felt that intrude at that point would've been very wrong. He found Fred in the main ship. He wasn't doing much just standing there. He had removed his helmet and had his eyes closed though he was facing the Earth.

"Earth, you haven't seen it in ages have you?" Chris asked.

"No, very few of us remember it at all. Not the space view mind you, I mean actually being on it. Walking on the streets like a normal person without everyone staring at you. Could you honestly go back to life before here? With nothing to kill, nothing to kill you. Just living?"

"No, I wasn't one of the chosen 200 but I have become a man of war. The marines here, they still can laugh, make jokes they get to go home and if they get through all of this war they get pensions and everything. At least in my time they would. But what about us? The Spartans I mean. You were all brought up for war."

"_We _John, myself, Linda, Kelly and you, will do whatever we have to. That is what we always do."

"And after the war?" Chris asked.

"I don't know." Fred answered.

"What happened back on that planet?"

"We were overrun. John said that he wouldn't give up the planet without a fight. It's supposedly the home of his family. Yes he has one, we all do somewhere."

"Family," The word didn't come easily, after all Chris's family would've been long dead in this time and could he ever get back there? "How old are you guys?"

"Younger than we look, I am in my mid twenties I think. John is in his twenties. Linda and Kelly are in their very early twenties. I actually think Kelly just turned 21 not too long ago." Said Fred. They were all young men, not even 30 yet and they dealt with more hell then anyone should have to deal with. Chris left bidding Fred farewell and went to find Linda. He found her in the sniper field. She really was a fine shot with the rifle. Only in her early twenties. Amazing. He didn't remember the books discussing ages but he'd thought of John in his early thirties at the youngest. Had Chris altered the timeline by coming here? Or had this been going to happen anyway? Chris was deeply confused. He walked up to Linda and tapped her on the shoulder. She lowered her rifle and looked at him before taking off her helmet.

"You were right." She said.

"I was lucky." Said Chris.

"I don't know why I followed John down to the planet. I've always trusted him for some reason."

"He's a good leader. You should follow him." Said Chris.

"This coming from the man who tried to kill him last night." Smirked Linda.

"Shut up." Chris said forcing a small laugh. They talked a bit and Linda helped Chris learn to shoot a sniper rifle well and he became quite good at it though he wasn't ever going to be as fast or as good at her. Later Chris left thanking Linda for the lessons and he went back to the training area seeing Kelly leaving it.

"Kelly!" Chris called out. She turned and looked at him, she had taken off her armor, Chris had never seen it done, but he remembered a part of the Halo books saying that John had reported the bridge without armor so they had to be able to take it off.

"I like to train without my armor, it limits my range of motion and I get more of a workout in training. It still helps in battle you can't push yourself farther than you can go you know."

"Yeah I suppose that's true. Listen I think we need to try and make contact with Earth. After all that's why we're even here, so might as well check up on it." Kelly agreed with him and both headed over to the marine's communication center and sent a call to Earth. They got a quick response.

"Human demon! We have overtaken your planet." It was an Elite's voice. Chris looked to Earth and saw a large ship dropping shipments of plasma weapons.

"Those Elite bastards!" Chris shouted angrily. He ran quick yelling for the marines to wake up and climb in the main ship.

"We're heading for Earth!" Shouted Chris.

"Marines when you get there I want you to start shooting down anything that is an enemy, if it's dead shoot it's body, drive the sick faces into the dirt make them regret ever coming to earth. Is that clear?" John asked.

"SIR YES SIR!" Came the cry from the marines. Chris reloaded his shotgun and grabbed up his assault rifle. John grabbed an assault rifle and a sniper rifle. Linda grabbed her sniper rifle and a pistol. Fred had dual SMGs and an assault rifle. Kelly had dual pistols and a sniper rifle.

Every Spartan and Orbital Shock Trooper or hell-jumper climbed into a drop pod and launched off. The second Chris's pod landed he kicked the door open and shot down an Elite and two Grunts that had been stupid enough to run towards the pods. Chris then ran on ahead to hunt the Elites and Grunts bound to be back in the wood that they had landed near.

"BLUE-2 WAIT!" Called John, but Chris didn't listen he ran headfirst into the wood and assassinated two guard Grunts before shooting two Elites. He reloaded his shotgun and pulled out his assault rifle the bullets cut into the flesh easy. Just like cutting butter with a hot knife. Chris smiled and stuffed the barrel of his shotgun into and Elite's mouth before pulling the trigger. Holding his shotgun in his right hand and the assault rifle in the left Chris charged the elites using his foot and knee to cock the shotgun and often scraping the guns against his waist to reload.

"MOVE!" Chris shouted hearing the marines land not too far away. Their weapons cracked and Several of the Elites fell. Chris turned his attention to the grunts who were trying to flee. He shouldered his shotgun and let his four frag grenades fly. The bodies flew everywhere. Chris ran onward again and reloaded the rifle. Elites tired to stop him and were killed. A few that managed to get past him out of the hundred or so that were there were killed by the marines or spartans. Chris then swapped his weapons and let the shotgun join the cracking of all the assault rifles, pistols, sniper rifles, and frag grenades. Chris yelled bashing and Elite's eye out and plunged his hand down and Elite's neck before and yanked out it's vocal cords causing it to die painfully. Chris, John, Fred, Kelly and Linda shot their way up to a small city.

"Freeze!" The command didn't come from a human mouth but both men and Elites froze. Chris turned to face the Elite then pointed the assault rifle at the approaching Arbiter.

"Arbiter!" Said two Elites.

"The next Elite to harm one of the humans falls to my blade!" The Elites looked scared and angry and confused but backed off. Chris walked up to the Arbiter.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"The great ones all lied to us. We felt it but now we do nothing

about it. Halo is a weapon that would destroy this universe." Said the Arbiter, ignoring Chris. He then pointed to the main group of Marines and two Elites sent Johnson and Commander Keys to the group.

"The Brutes and Flood are our enemies. We need not fight." Said John to the Arbiter.

"Now he listens to me." Muttered Chris. An agreement was made. The Elites turned Earth back over to the humans and an alliance was formed, though neither side really became friends. Each stayed in there own groups, their own ships and attack groups stayed the same but neither killed each other anymore. The Elites were really far more brilliant then Chris had given them credit for. They worked hard and made fine strike groups and attacked quickly without mercy. The next week a large Brute group had come within their group's area on the rock planet. Chris picked his shotgun and grabbed some plasma grenades. Although Chris disliked the aliens he liked their weapons. He saw the Brute Chief ordering the others around. He brought Linda and two commander Elites with energy swords to help him kill the brutes.

"Kill the chief." He told Linda.

"If you want I can get his guard too, if you want."

"That'd be great, wait for my mark though." Then Chris looked at the Elites.

"We follow your orders, secluded killer." Said the Elites.

"What does that mean?" Asked Chris.

"You hide on this planet to escape from the war, yet we know with your power you could practically win the war yourself. That is why we don't you with that name. It is an insult and a compliment."

"Ok... Moving on Linda's attack with flush out the Brutes and they'll come running at us, kill them all."

"Yes secluded killer."

"I am not getting used to that. Mark." Whispered Chris. Linda fired the rifle twice in quick succession and both Guard and commander fell to the ground dead. The Brutes did just what Chris planned to do and ran right at them. Two grenades landed on one brute and blew two brutes up. The Elites jumped forward and killed two apiece quickly. Chris shot down three of the brutes. He then looked and called for Linda to stop the two farthest beasts trying to make a run for it. Linda obeyed and Chris saw the two distant animals fall. There were merely four brutes left. The Elites worked together to take out one and Chris put a plasma grenade on one and shot down another. Linda took care of the last one.

"Come on, the others will want to hear about this. Not hurt are you?" The Elites both shook their heads no.

When Chris, Linda and the Elites got back, John was in a very bad temper.

"You were being stupid! Two men and two aliens to defeat a group of foes that could crush your bones as easy as a toothpick?"

"Or two Spartans, the finest warriors ever, and two of the best elites that their army has." Said Chris. The longer they talked the less Chris liked John. He'd always thought John was a hero but now he merely seemed a person who was against everything Chris did whether a good plan or a bad one. Chris walked off, forget John, he'd see one day that he'd been wrong to doubt Chris. The most of the next day was spent packing their weapons and such. Chris fully loaded his M9 shotgun and dual pistols before clipping on four grenades of each type. The flood had taken over a small moon that would be easy to overtake. The two Elites who'd been with him last night were sent with him as his guards, and Kelly was going with him. The elites had an energy sword and a plasma rifle and four plasma grenades, each. Kelly had packed a assault rifle and a pistol.

John had given them the orders to be airlifted past the main lines of the flood and then to plant four NUKES warheads in good locations. From there several air attacks could finish the job. Another easy in and out job. Assuming they didn't get caught. When they were all in position, John gave the signal. Chris jumped down into the needed room, taking down three of the spiders in a single shot. Another took down a Brute's used body. Kelly meanwhile, was firing off her assault rifle at anything that was a threat the two elites were rushing the bodies on in melee combat. The room wasn't extremely overrun and they cleared it in less than one hundred seconds.

"All along there?" Asked Chris, indicating the NAV point on his HUD.

"Plant them." Said Kelly. Chris nodded and signaled to the elites and started planting the war heads.

"Ok, let's get the hell out of here." Said Chris.

"Secluded killer, look!" Pointed one of the Elites.

"Man, I swear if I hear that one more time... what did you want me to... holy shit." Look Chris saw what must have been no less than three hundred spiders of flood. He threw his grav. lift disk below the hole in the roof they'd made. He grabbed Kelly's arm and started to pull her to the lift afraid that she didn't want to leave because she hadn't moved. Then he saw the true reason. The spot of her suit on the left leg was torn away and very bloody.

"Kelly.."

"I can move, don't worry." She tried to walk and froze hurt. The leg was broken at least in two places he could tell, she picked it up and held it. Chris lay her down on the ground. And started making a splint from part of her torn away suit, and tied together brute hair.

"Don't worry," Chris said. "I've passed the training to do this stuff." He looked at the approaching flood. Still far away, they had time. Chris lift Kelly off the floor and helped her walk. She was

reluctant, but understood it was needed. She flatly refused any more help. The ship that came for them had a first aid in it and Kelly got a much better splint. Kelly removed her helmet and looked at Chris.

"I guess I owe you one, thanks for not leaving me." Chris took off his helmet and smiled. The medics soon left.

"Kelly, I heard that you were with... that you were on a mission with someone." Referring to how the last book left Kelly on a mission with the doctor.

"Oh that," She said. "I'll explain it in time. Not here though, it's not the right time." Chris left the matter alone. The ship dropped them off near John.

"What happened, I saw no large blow up!" Just as he finished the center of the flood start a large blowing cloud, the explosion took out several of the flood more the seven eighths of it. Then came the air strike. There was now just a few spare spiders left. Just the mop up. John turned towards the larger ships preparing to leave, he didn't say a word. Chris was happy he had carried out his mission well. He put Kelly's arm around his shoulders, and helped her onto the ship. He put her in the medical center. She came out later, wearing her repaired Spartan armor which had a good brace under it. She was wearing no helmet and Chris saw concern in her face. He walked over and sat with her.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just John is so... I don't know bigheaded sometimes."

"He's tired, I've seen him, he doesn't eat much and doesn't sleep at all, always on watch." Chris said.

"You don't sleep more than a few hours a night." She replied.

"It adds up." He said simply.

"So do the missed hours. You keep quick and smart, you always use your head and don't just do what your told unless it makes good sense. I like you for that reason."

"I guess that's compliment from a Spartan." He joked.

"You speak of Spartans as though you aren't one." She said she looked at him looked him right in the eye.

"Perhaps I am not. Maybe I am less, or more that the others. Or maybe I am one and nothing more or less." Now she grinned a little.

"I think you are more, your a good man. Young maybe, but you've grown from this. I am glad you fight with us not against us."

"How old are you?" He asked before he could stop himself.

"Twenty next week. Why?"

"Sorry I didn't mean to say it." Chris looked at his shoes.

"That's ok I was just wondering. Your what 15?" Chris almost said yes but stopped, wasn't his birthday today. Yes march 26th, he was 16 now of course that was in the year 2006 in 2552 he was...

"I'm 560." She started at him, then he saw her doing the math. She laughed hard.

"You know what I meant."

"Yeah, sorry I had too, I'm 16 today." He said it as though he was uninterested. She got up and walked off waving a short goodbye. He got up, he was going to find John. Chris found John in his room kneeling and relaxing. John didn't look at Chris but knew he was there.

"Leave you bastard."

"Sorry _sir _but that isn't acceptable."

"I thought you weren't really in the army."

"I am as much as you."

"So you think." Chris sighed. It never failed. Every conversation with John became a contest.

"Sir please, I want to help."

"Stealing my position isn't helping me."

"Stealing your? You self-centered ass. I only came her to help you!"

"Talking to your superiors that way can get you thrown out." John said.

"To think I once looked up to you."

7. Back in the real world

Chris went back to his room aboard the ship and lay down but no sleep came to him. He was going over all that he had done that day. He was tired he needed a few days off, but Spartans don't get days off, marines don't even get days off, it wasn't school it was the army, war killing and tactics. Why did he like it here so much? John was now just a large annoyance. Kelly, Fred and Linda were good but nothing really special. Kelly revealed new parts of herself every day though. He went to her room at 07:00 She was sitting on her bed, in her Spartan armor helmet removed. She looked at him as he entered.

"Orders?" She asked.

"Not yet. Mind if I sit?" She motioned for him to join her. She looked him hard in the face.

"Did you sleep at all last night?"

"Yes." He lied.

"Your not telling me the truth."

"Your too good at reading people's eyes." Chris joked.

"Not most of them, Just you." He smiled at her.

"I am so tired. My leg hurts bad now." She was talking he looked at her worried.

"Maybe you should see a medic if it still hurts."

"No it's fine, but it'll take a while to heal."

"You sure you should come with us?" Chris didn't like seeing the men or women here hurt; really not spartans.

"Yes I'm coming, wouldn't miss the end of this war." She tried to stand and slipped Chris's speed kicked in and he caught her and pulled her up.

"Thanks."

"Anytime." John was yelling things when they got downstairs, the man Chris knocked out was fully recovered and Chris was careful not to meet him. The group was preparing to use the elite technology to glass the main brute planet. After that the main mop up could be done by the Aliens, the flood would flee, and brutes would go into hiding. Chris lifted his shotgun and swapped his assault rifle for the sniper rifle. Kelly and Fred were to be with him just as guards from possible invaders. Only one or two brutes came, nothing big, the planet was wiped away and they left. That was it. The war was, more or less over. Allies now lived and foes had died. The spartans all took the time to sleep to relax. Chris walked to John who did apologize, he'd been annoyed during the war. He was never right until the fight was over.

"Now I need to be getting home." It was a joke and both laughed, loudly.

"Chris!" Kelly was behind him.

"What?"

"I need to talk to you for a second." Chris walked to her.

"Ok."

"It's about the mission I was on. The doctor I was with found a way to open time portals to reach into the past. I was to go and find the best fighter there and bring them here, I think the best one came to us though." She smiled at him.

"Well, I am glad to finally understand all this." Chris shook her hand.

"Now I think you do need to go home." She said.

"Your right, I will miss you guys." He said seeing John, Fred and Linda come up behind Kelly.

"Bye, I'll miss you deeply, Spartan 106." Kelly said and embraced Chris, he was shocked it was brief but the fact that spartans could to a point feel for others showed that they were human. It was scary. Kelly lead him to an odd portal and gestured for him to go in. He did so waving back to her fully. He sat up on the floor. He was again back in the year 2006. He was tired, more tired than he'd ever been. So unusually tired. He walked slowly upstairs, trying to remember the way. He didn't eat the time travel had been unkind. He went to sleep waking in the morning and packed to go to school, his work wasn't done but forget all the teachers and their stupid ideas. He already knew what he was gonna do. Get his writer's degree and become a writer. Or would he? Chris now had tons of military skills. The army possibly could be open to him. No, he wouldn't go into writing, he needed a future with more action.

The day at school couldn't have been worse. Chris had been popular, but nevertheless he made quite a few enemies of bullies. One of them, Theldon, was coming over to him. Chris slowly turned to watch him, he had him body squared and cracked his knuckles. Instead of trying to avoid the fight Chris was thinking of the quickest was to bring his opponent down. He waited for the man to come close to him and he struck catching the larger boy in the neck hard with the side of his open hand. The boy yelled and grabbed his neck where there was a large welt. Chris dodged two kicks and kicked him hard in the chest hard and the boy went down. Then the teachers and the guards came, the guard tried to come at him nightstick drawn. Chris wasn't going to let this guard hurt him. He flipped hard over the guard and punched him in the back of the head. Blood came from the wound.

"Boyer! Calm down." Said his teacher, mr. middleton. Chris flicked him off and ran hard. Then he heard three guards coming at him, ten seconds left him captured and one guard knocked out. He was tied in a chair. Stupid, stupid mistake. The main principle was pacing in front of him.

"I know he could've attacked you but he didn't actually threaten you."

"Uh-huh." Said Chris bored. He looked at the clock, near twelve, time for lunch.

"You can't go around beating every student into a pulp."

"Can we hurry this up? I'm hungry."

"And you-- what?"

"I'm hungry, It's not hard to work out."

"Was that an insult?"

"If your too stupid to work that out you need not worry about it."

"I could expel you for that." She actually growled.

"It's likely."

"It's much more, plus you knocked out two guards."

"One, the other is merely hurt."

"What happened. Two days ago you were a polite little man."

"I help those who don't hurt me. Those who try don't get out of it well. The men hurt me, I hurt them, that boy tried to hurt me, I hurt him."

"That is the talk of military men."

"I have had, troubled fights." Chris said.

"Get out."

"No."

"What?"

"No." The man sighed.

"I hate what you are making me do."

"Yeah I am sorry but we're going to have to try this another time."

"In case you haven't noticed, your tied down." Chris flexed and broke his bonds. The principle didn't speak and Chris walked out of the door heading to the cafeteria he payed for his lunch chicken with fires. He then went to his table with his friend Andrew Charter.

"Hey man, you coming to our contest tonight?"

"Sorry?"

"Halo 2 tonight, me you and David remember?"

"Oh right sorry, yeah come over when your ready." That night David Chrichoff and Andrew appeared on his doorstep. David with a controller. The contest began at 5:00 and ended at 5:40, Chris won all eight games in that time.

8. A new era of spartans begins

Chapter 7

The next day Chris awoke and ran to the Xbox, he pressed on the campaign mode, skipping to the level. Spartan 106, it was still there. He pressed on it, it had to be finished he wasn't done. He paused, they needed them, and he wanted to go back. He awoke inside of the ship, face-down. Noticing this, he got up standing he saw Kelly and Linda lifting talking, he could barely hear them. His vision was right either, everything was dim and Chris's whole body hurt badly. Chris waited and slowly he felt the problems with his suit slowly fix themselves. Now he heard Linda's and Kelly's

conversation.

"I mean it," Kelly was saying. "I'm done, the war is over, I am not being turned into a puppet for the earthsiders, if they want to kill themselves leave me out of it, I've had my share of war now."

"If you don't help they are just going to start using the NUKES warheads on one another."

"We can't help that! What good would we do?"

Chris walked forward. "I hate to break up this lovely conversation, but what the crap are you two arguing about?" Kelly turned and jumped about four feet. Linda did a double take.

"Chris? You came back? Why?" Kelly asked.

"You need me."

"Well, I ain't gonna disagree with that. Things here are bad. Earth is in war with itself." Linda said.

"Oh no, you gotta be kidding me."

"I'm afraid not." said Kelly. Chris thought about the situation for a while and figured Kelly was right joining in did no good, the SPARTANS didn't belong in this war. In the end they agreed to put up a small fleet defense to stop any attacking flood or brutes left over from the war, and that Chris would go down for negotiations. When Chris landed on earth (what would be St. Charles, Missouri) things were in a complete mess. Several young boys were clad in marine armor, shooting what looked like battle rifles at several Russians. Chris walked over to one man yelling orders.

"I demand to speak with your sergeant."

"Suck it, I know in space you may have your own little pride but this is earth and to be frank I don't give--" Chris held his M7 pistol to the man's head.

"You were saying?" The man took Chris to the sergeant, who after yelling at Chris for a bit, lead him to the high commander. Chris now gave a respectful salute. The man saluted back.

"Spartan."

"Commander. I'm here to force a treaty."

"_Force a treaty?! _I'm sorry but there's no way we're getting out of this now, we're at war with these dirty russians."

"Those 'dirty russians' are going to kill many of your men unless you let me make a treaty."

"...Do you always make such a...unique offer?"

"Yep, so what's your choice?" A few minutes later Chris (Now having hid his spartan armor in his escape ship which he'd sent to Kelly, Linda and John) walked out on the battlefield and gave the surrender

signal. Two strong men bound him and took away the only weapons he had (A pistol and a grenade.) He was thrown hard into a small prison area and later was dragged into a small room. Here they turned on a bright light making Chris see spots for a few moments. They asked him a load of questions, but Chris only said he wanted to talk to their leader. He was slapped, punched and whipped, but he stayed strong and didn't even say he knew nothing. (They'd given him false info to give the Russians but Chris thought it would look stupid if he gave away anything to easily.)

The men hurt Chris for several hours. They even started to stab him with many needles. Eventually Chris got the threats of brutes across and a treaty called the earth pact was signed. Chris didn't bother to check the papers. He got back in his SPARTAN armor and headed up to where Kelly and Linda were. Entering the ship, he saw two brute captains; one with its back to him. He quickly assassinated it and stuck the other with a plasma grenade.

"What's going on here?!"

"We don't know, everything just ended up falling apart, we don't know where that ship came from." Three marines came up, Chris waved.

"GO GO GO!" The marines walked, the battle was won easily, few people were hurt. After the battle Chris walked over to John, who pulled off his helmet and looked at Chris. Chris saw the grey at John's temple's and the pulling look at the strong face. A few wrinkles had even appeared.

"How long was I gone this time?"

"...17 and a half years. To the day." Chris smiled and saw that John had gone through the effort of seeing just how long he'd been gone, every day. Linda and Kelly had grown, Fred was now KIA after being killed in a space battle. The SPARTANS were all getting old. Slower then before, even Kelly. More SPARTANS were needed. Chris knew where to get some. He ran back to the time machine John yelled but Chris ignored him.

"Hey Chris." said Andrew. Chris didn't say anything but tossed Andrew and David a controller.

"What-- nah man. I'm too tired right now." Chris punched the Spartan 106 level. This three people appeared in the SPARTAN armory. Chris had a quick talk with the sergeant and soon two more SPARTAN suits were made. Chris coached the two through it, but they didn't like the way he did what he did. After five hours of training, they could easily use the suits and shoot. Chris then left to talk to John. If not much time had passed, they could still have time...

End
file.